



















Dirk van Wodenblock  
Burgermeester



The Flying Burghermaster  
A Legend  
of the Black Forest



W. Morley invt et sculpt

1832

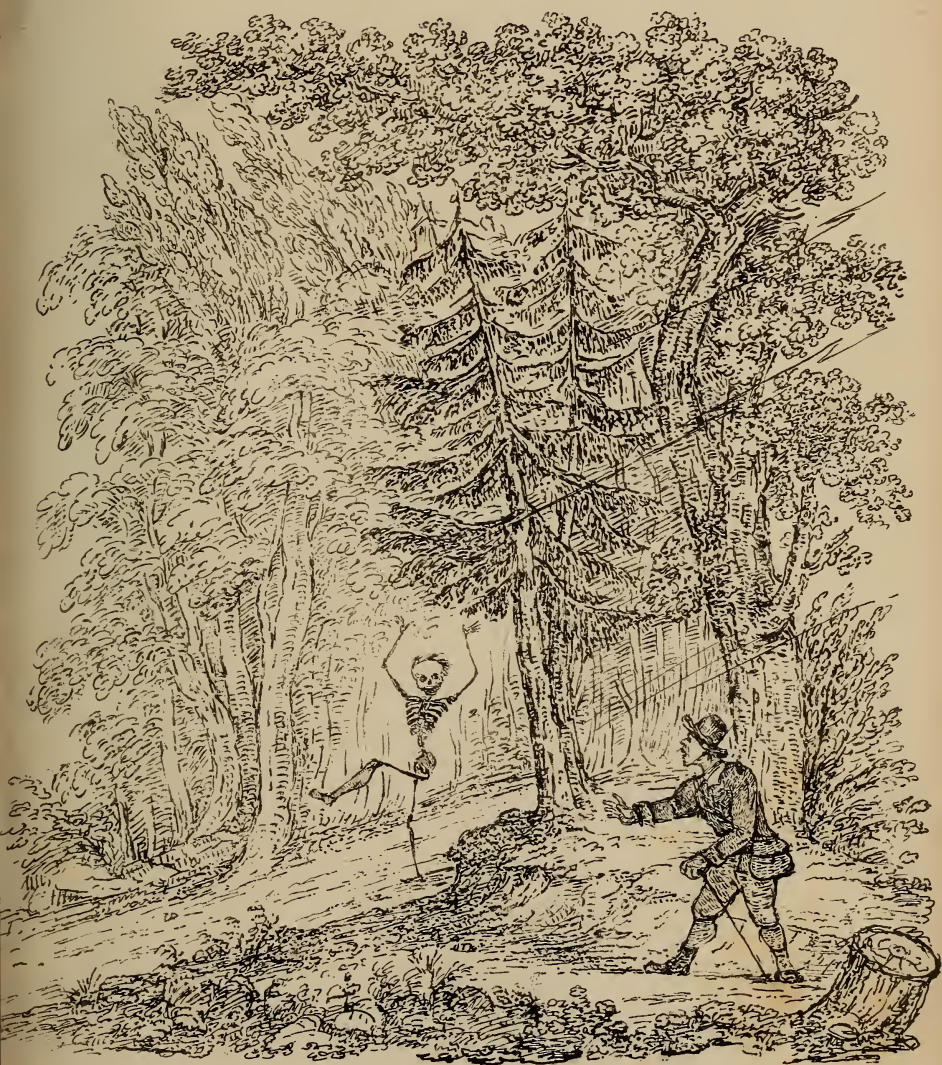
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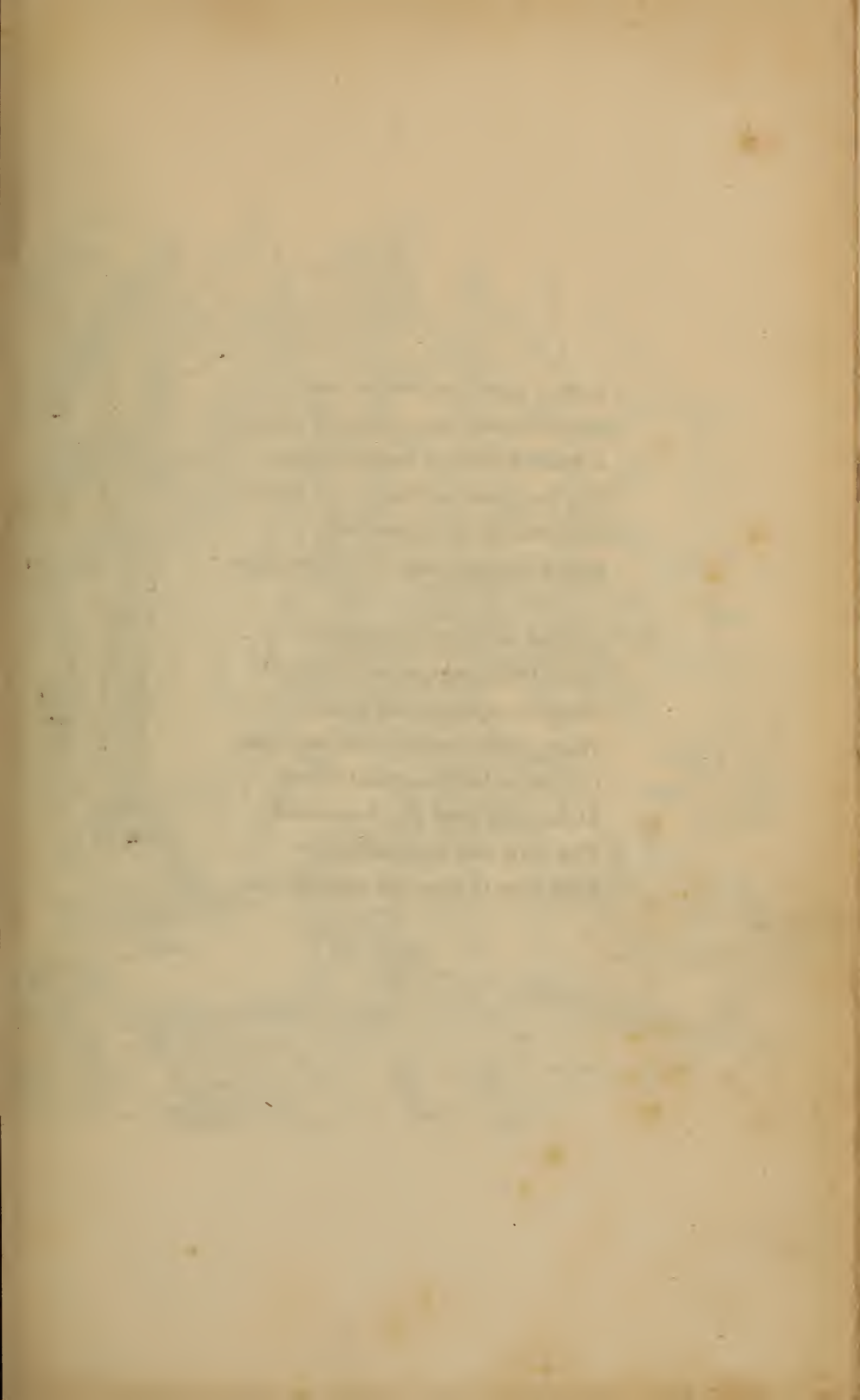
In Swabia's forest, wild and black,  
A weary traveller lost his track :  
Dark was the night,—the thunder's crash  
Swift followed on the lightening's flash ;  
And awful as the tempest spoke,  
Responsive groaned the blasted oak.  
The way-worn man, with rueful gaze,  
Eyed the red lightening's fearful blaze ;  
And, as the rattling thunder past,  
Lost in the howlings of the blast,  
He muttered Pater-nosters seven,  
To avert the threatening wrath of heaven.  
Once in the pauses of the storm,  
It seemed some strange unearthly form,  
Glared in a flash of lurid light ;  
And, as it crost his withered sight,  
The spectre that he gazed upon,  
Seemed like a flying skeleton !











Swift as a dart the phantom past ;  
 Strange sounds were borne upon the blast—  
 A dizzying whirl—a dreadful clicking,  
 Like the portentous death-watch ticking :  
 Then louder than the river rock,  
 Pealed the dread name of ‘ Wodenblock.’

\* \* \* \*

And had he with unblasted sight  
 Beheld that strange mysterious night !  
 The terror of the old and young,  
 Theme of the crone’s low chaunted song.  
 The boldest hearts sustained a shock,  
 At the dread name of ‘ Wodenblock.’  
 That awful one, who restless flew  
 From clime to clime, the wretched Jew.









Who, wandering, for his crime atones,  
Wears still his flesh upon his bones,  
With decent covering from the weather.  
But Wodenblock was doomed for ever  
A naked skeleton to stray,  
Dragged by his fatal leg away.  
No sin was his, or cause of shame,  
'Twas Turningvort had all the blame.  
Then thrice accurst be Turningvort,  
The great artificer of Dort.



Rombout van Turningsvort







The unities of time and place,  
 We must infringe, and backward trace  
 Our steps some fifty years or so,  
 And thus unfold our tale of woe.

\*

\*

\*

\*

There lived in Rotterdam's fair city,  
 A burgomaster rich — 'Twas pity  
 With wit, wealth, power, consideration,  
 He still was fated amputation  
 Of the right leg to undergo—  
 The doctors had decreed it so.  
 Mynheer at first looked somewhat tragic ;  
 The limb was lopt as if by magic.







Next to replace, he turned his mind,  
 The useful member thus resigned.  
 His doctors told him, that at Dort  
 The great mechanic Turningvort,  
 Had, by deep study and reflection,  
 Made a cork leg of such perfection ;  
 So firm, yet steady, that it stood,  
 Walked, danced, and ran, like flesh and blood.  
 The news was music to Mynheer—  
 That very night a chaise and pair  
 Was sent to Dort, the boon to beg,  
 From the artist of his famous leg.







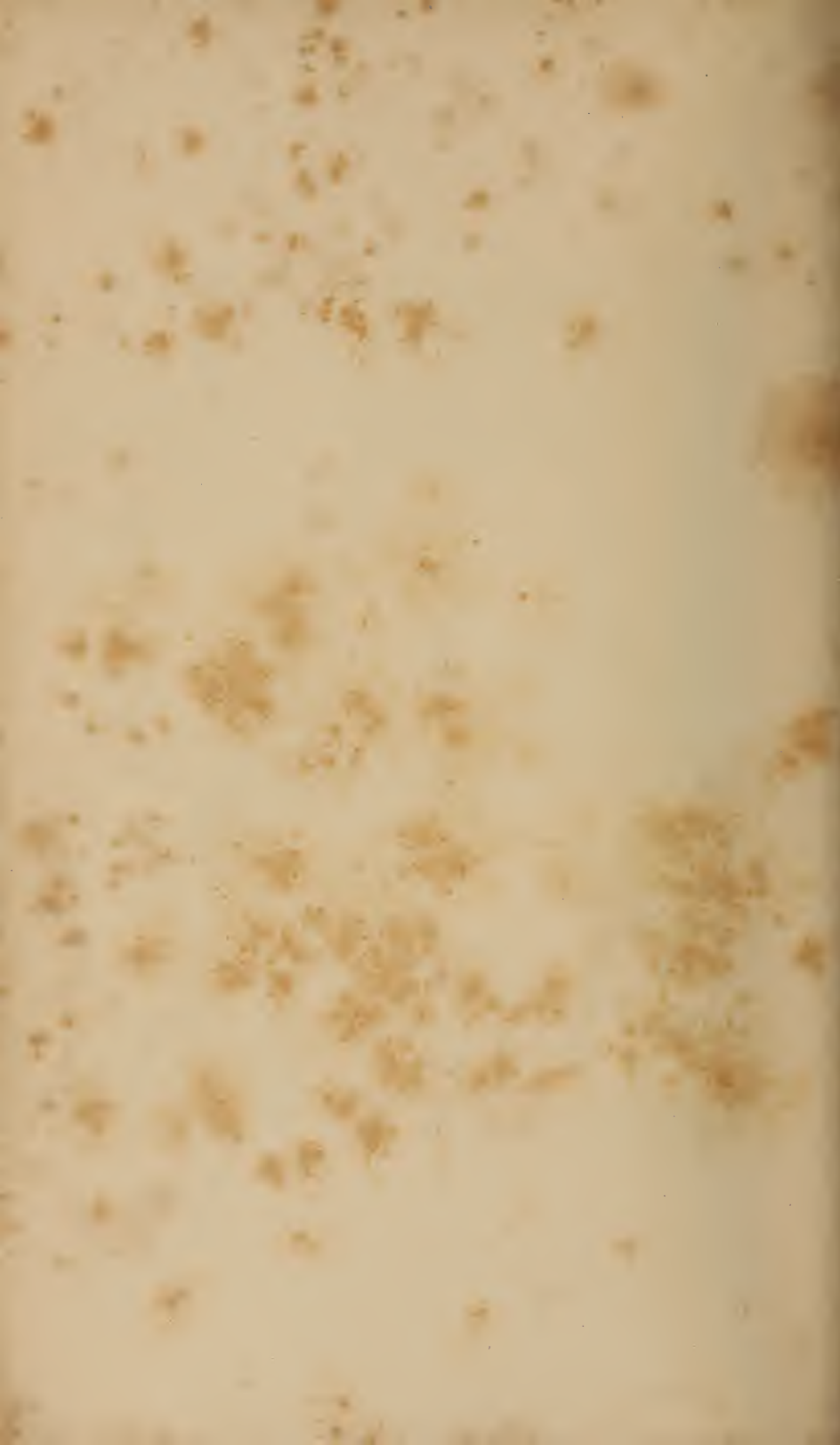


No sooner asked—the prayer was granted,  
To try his leg the artist panted ;  
And, tho' engaged to dine at Delft,  
He would adjust it first himself :  
'Tis done, and fitted to a T,  
And Turningvort receives his fee.











A sum supplying ample power,  
To pay his daughter's marriage dower—  
The lovely Blanche!—his pride and boast,  
From Dort to Delft the reigning toast.



Blanche van Tuxtinguost



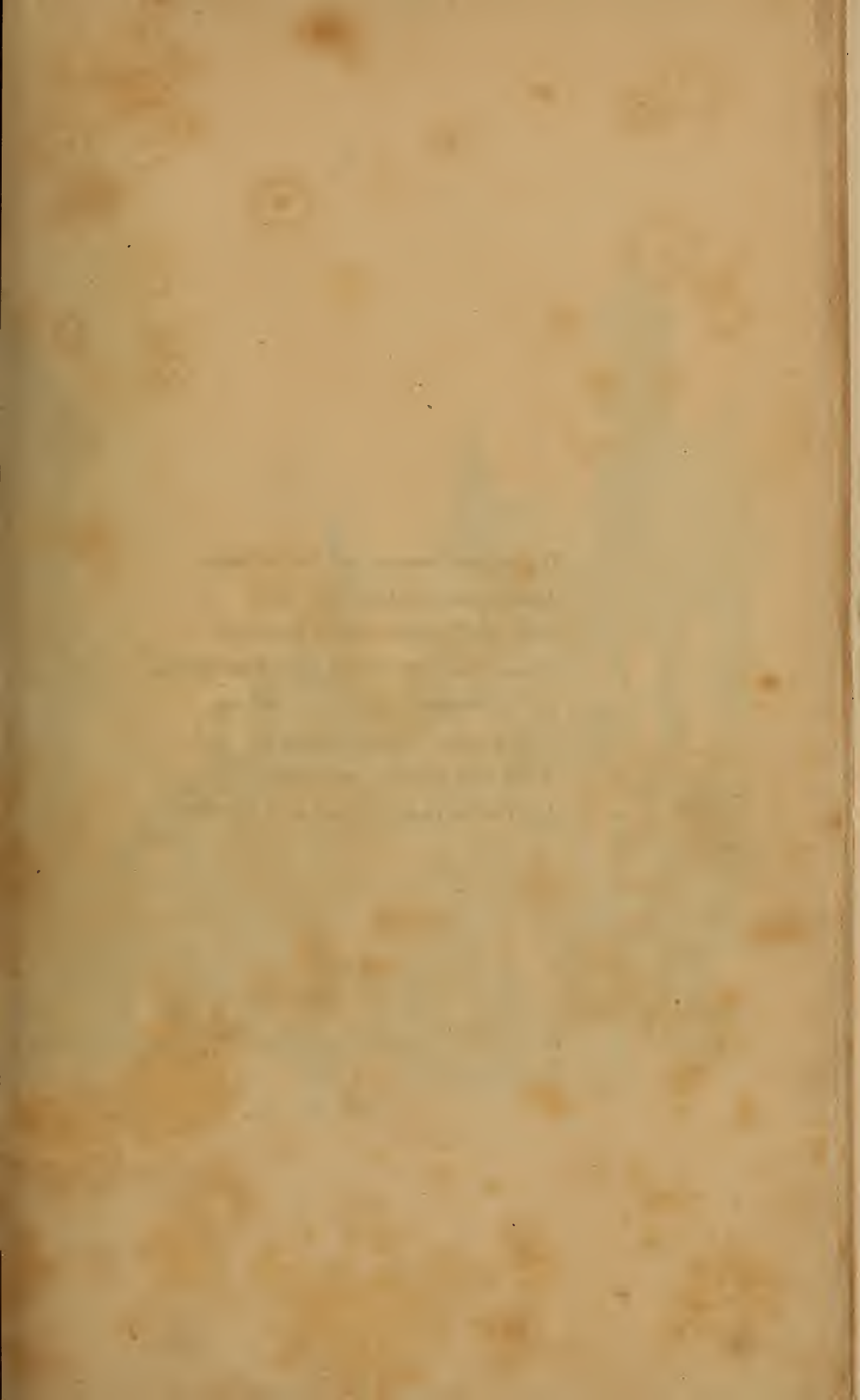




Once more a biped—Wodenblock  
Stands firm and steady as a rock—  
Complacently the limb he eyed,  
And thought the old one by its side  
Look'd thin and shabby—truth to tell,  
It boasted not the graceful swell  
Or taper ancle of the other,  
But seemed a starving younger brother.









The morning comes—and out he sallies,  
Avoiding crooked lanes and allies ;  
With smiling looks, and air confiding,  
Down broad strait streets triumphant gliding.  
The leg displayed no turn for kicking,  
A little whirl—a gentle ticking ;  
Was all the fault he could descry,  
And that he thought would soon pass by.







Just as he gained the Stadt house door,  
 A friend he had not seen before,  
 Turned quickly down the Doolen street,  
 Eager his old ally to greet ;  
 He wheeled around without reflection,  
 Quite in the opposite direction  
 To that which he had just pursued ;  
 When—as with magic power endued  
 A sudden jerk, a whirling thrill—  
 The leg no more obeys his will ;  
 In haste, he had omitted learning  
 Which spring to touch in case of turning ;  
 And prest on one of wondrous force,  
 To impel him on his forward course.  
 The act was scarce performed, when lo !  
 Swift as the arrow from the bow,  
 He felt himself compelled to fly ;  
 His friends and neighbours marvelled why  
 He travelled with such headlong speed ;  
 Some thought him mad, and some agreed  
 That Madame Wodenblock was dying,  
 And he for doctor Von Tromp flying.







The first of these is the

the second of these is the

the third of these is the

the fourth of these is the

the fifth of these is the

the sixth of these is the

the seventh of these is the

the eighth of these is the

the ninth of these is the

the tenth of these is the

the eleventh of these is the

the twelfth of these is the

the thirteenth of these is the

the fourteenth of these is the

the fifteenth of these is the

the sixteenth of these is the

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the nineteenth of these is the

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the twenty-first of these is the

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the twenty-seventh of these is the

the twenty-eighth of these is the

the twenty-ninth of these is the

the thirtieth of these is the

Onward he sped—ah, who can tell  
 The terrors of that potent spell !  
 The whizzing, whirling, horrid ticking,  
 The wild lég to his body sticking ;  
 Dragging him on thro' tangled woods,  
 O'er dykes, morasses, rivers, floods ;  
 Exhausted, trembling, gasping, fainting,  
 With quick drawn breath convulsive panting ;  
 Trees, houses, churches, past him flying,  
 His pitious voice for succour crying,  
 ' A thousand dollars be his prize  
 Who stops my course !'—so fast he flies,  
 The half formed words, which crave assistance,  
 Die on the air in lengthening distance.  
 Still faster flies the leg, and faster  
 Follow the breathless Burgomaster.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis sunday—the cathedral chime  
 Of Harlem, tells the sacred time  
 Of morning prayer : her citizens  
 Breathe the fresh air 'till church begins ;  
 And, congregated thus together,  
 Discourse on politics and weather.









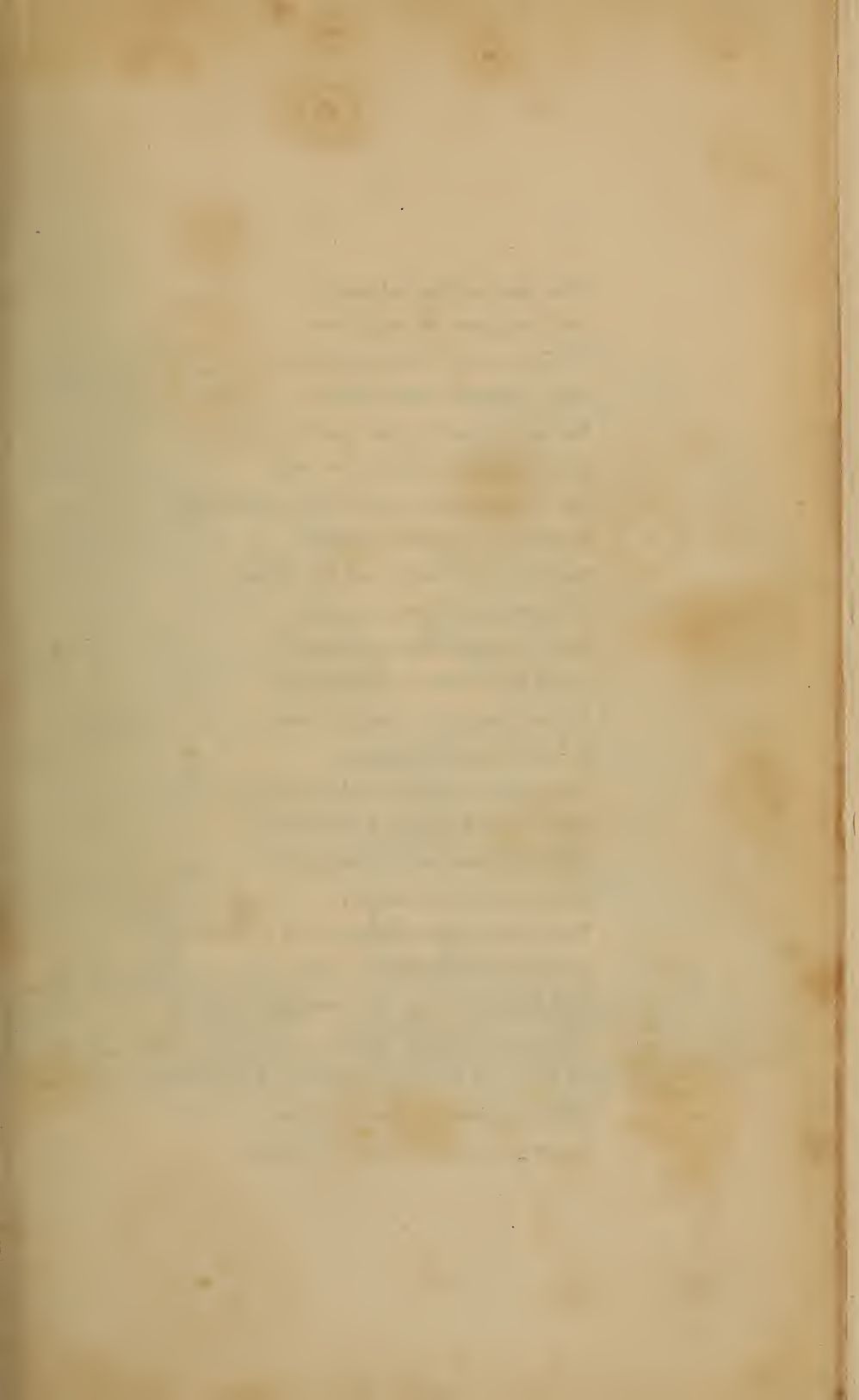
The first of these is the fact that the  
 world is not a uniform whole, but  
 composed of many different parts,  
 each of which has its own peculiar  
 character and qualities. These parts  
 are not only different from each other,  
 but they are also different from the  
 whole. This is the case with all  
 things, and it is the reason why we  
 can never know anything for certain.  
 We can only know things as they  
 appear to us, and we can never  
 know them as they really are. This  
 is the first principle of philosophy,  
 and it is the foundation of all  
 knowledge. It is the reason why we  
 can never be sure of anything, and  
 why we must always be open to  
 new discoveries and new ideas. It is  
 the reason why we must always be  
 humble and cautious in our claims to  
 knowledge, and why we must always  
 be ready to admit our ignorance and  
 our errors. It is the reason why we  
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And there was Mynheer Turningvort,  
 The great artificer of Dort—  
 Sudden he starts, in terror lost,  
 Before him glides the grisly ghost  
 Of Wodenblock, i'the clothes he wore  
 At Rotterdam, ten days before.  
 The awful spectre dashed along  
 Like lightening, thro' the affrighted throng ;  
 Causing the stoutest hearts to thrill —  
 Its cheek was livid—ghastly—still  
 The starting eye and gasping breath,  
 Almost proclaimed the stroke of death  
 As yet delayed.—On Turningvort  
 That glaring eye, with vengeance fraught,  
 Was fixt—whose every fibre shook,  
 And quailed beneath that fearful look.  
 The phantom shrieked, “Thou wretch accurst,  
 Thy baneful art has done its worst ;  
 Thy leg, which drags me to my doom,  
 Leaves me no quiet in the tomb ;  
 But still compels me on to fly  
 Its slave to all eternity !”  
 The last faint words were lost in air,  
 So rapid in its dread career  
 The phantom flew ; in consternation  
 Leaving the awe-struck congregation.









With silent wonder and amaze,  
 On Turningvort the eager gaze  
 Of all was fixed, convinced that he  
 Alone could solve the mystery.  
 But mute he stood—for dared he tell  
 His secret fears—that but too well  
 His curious springs, wheels, cork, and leather,  
 By rarest art combined together,  
 Had done their work : and tho' by him  
 Perchance this superhuman limb  
 Might condescend to be directed,  
 It still might spurn to be subjected  
 To one, upon whose depth of science  
 It felt but moderate reliance.  
 'Twixt doubt and fear his bosom tost,  
 He felt that Wodenblock was lost ;  
 Lost by his means—a murderer he,  
 Tho' unrevealed his infamy.  
 The thought shot maddening thro' his brain ;  
 Sudden he darted from the train  
 Which prest around him, wondering why  
 He wore that look of agony.

\* \* \* \*

That night his livid corse was found  
 In the great canal of Harlem, drown'd.





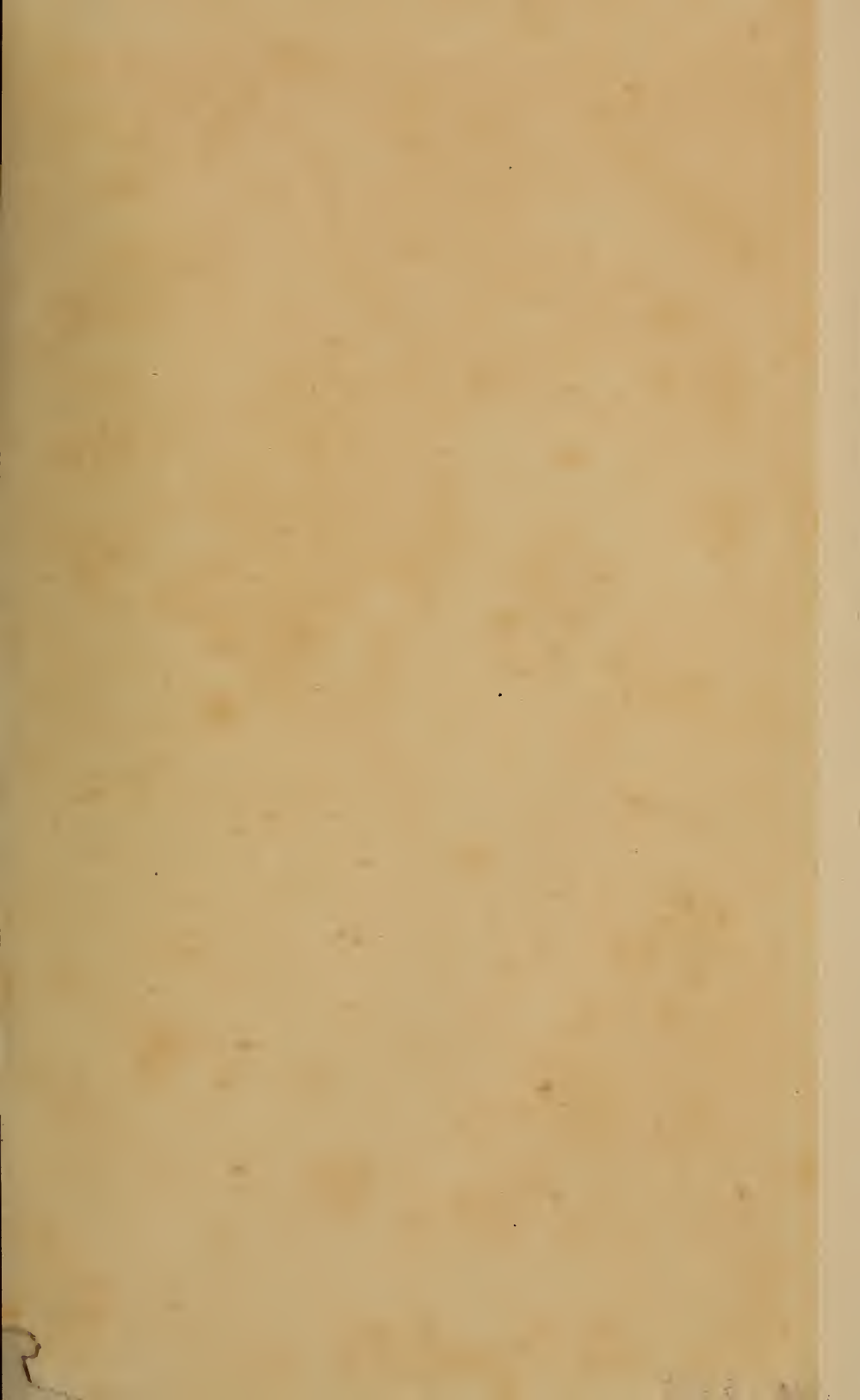




And gossips tell, tho' since that day,  
Weeks, months, and years have rolled away,  
Poor Wodenblock finds no repose,  
From morning's dawn to evening's close ;  
Summer and winter, sunshine, storm,  
Still restless flies his ghastly form :  
The desperate leg still whirls along,  
Itself unchanged, plump, active, strong,  
Rapid, relentless, dragging on  
The Burgomaster's skeleton !!!



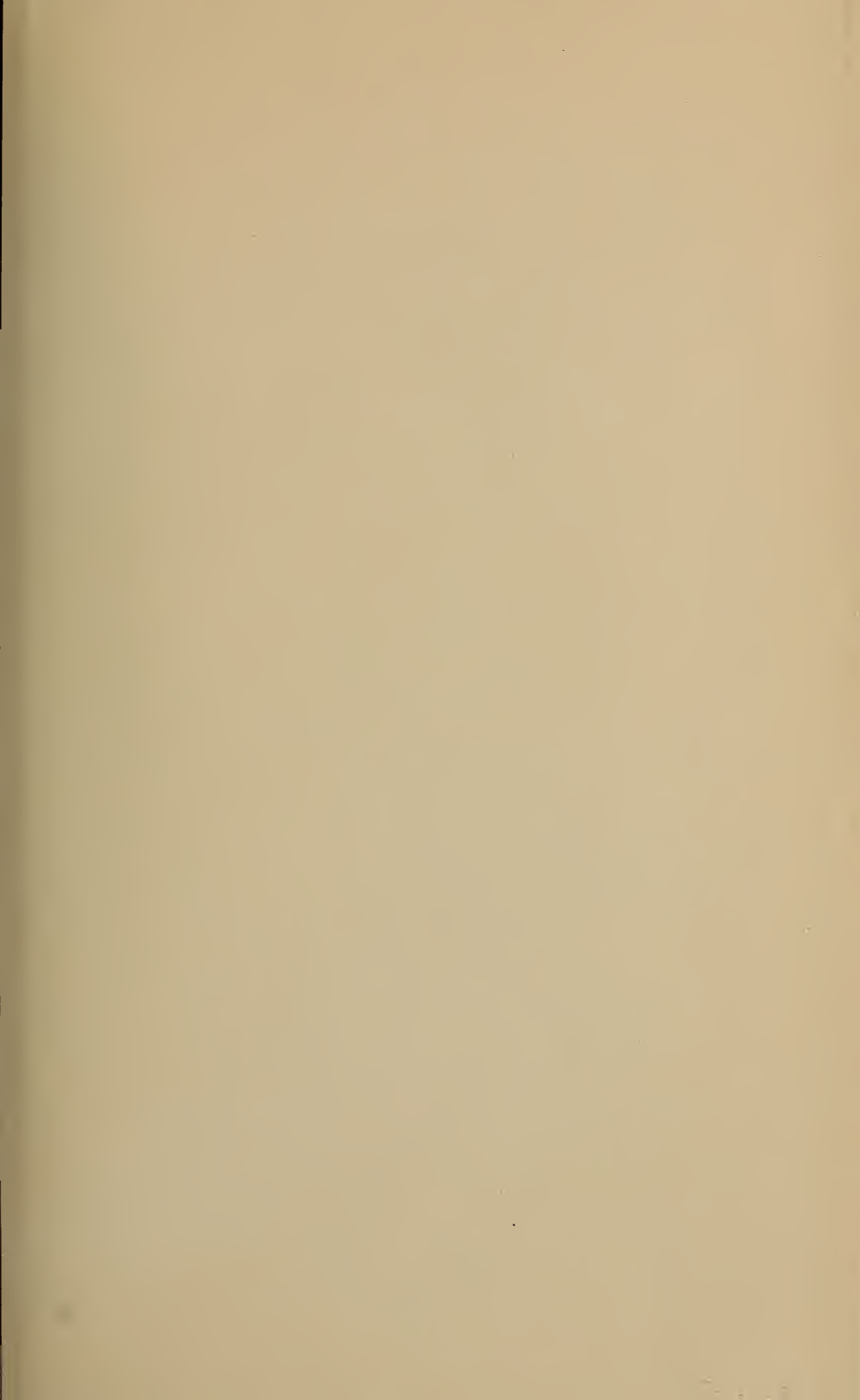




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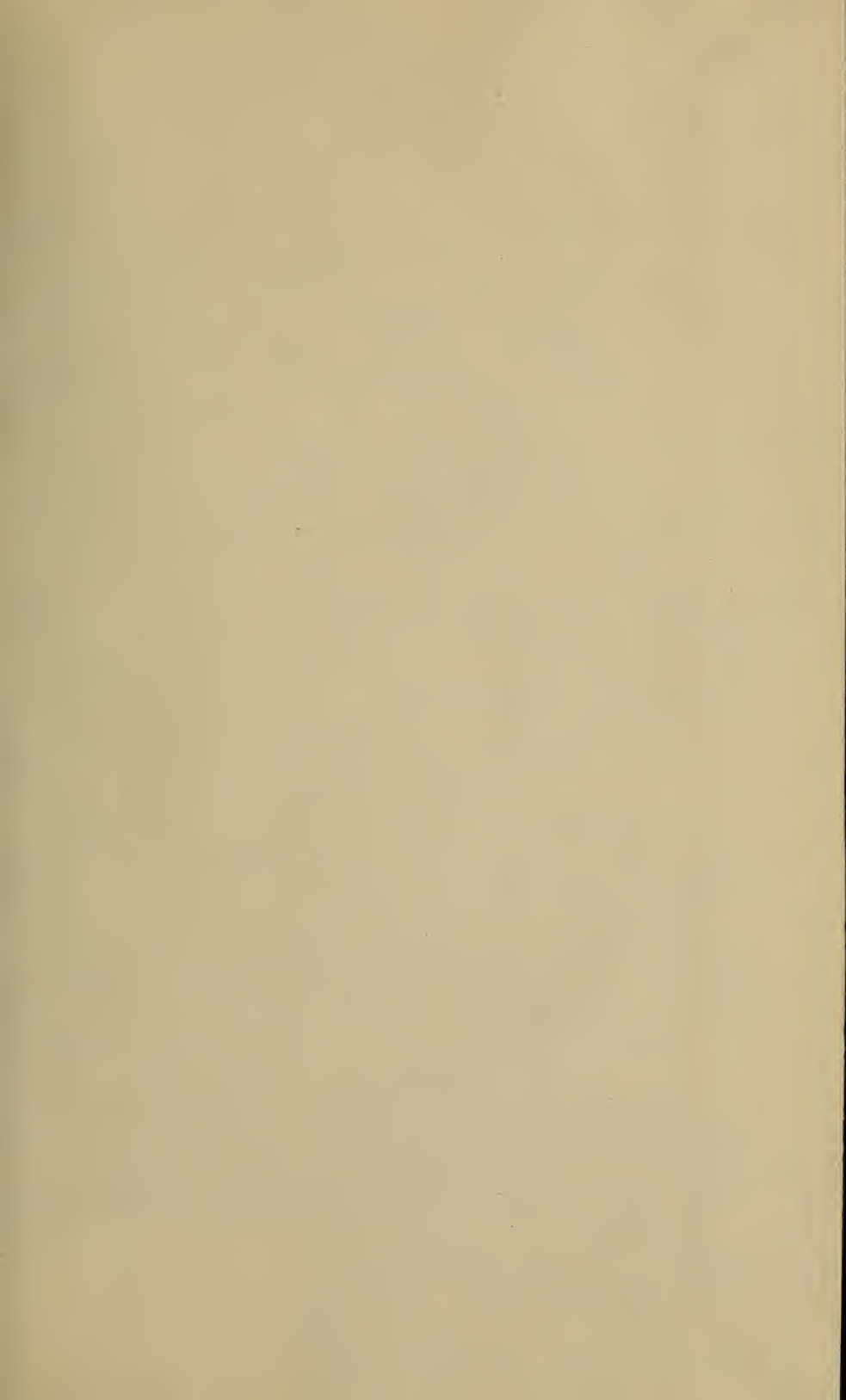















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